

STRANGE ADVENTURES

1st

**METAPHYSIC
FICTION.**

**QUEER
SUPERNATURAL**

"Five weeks ago I bought a 'Joan the Wad' and to-day I have won £111.10s. Please send me more."

—B.C., Budegwa, St. Wales.

Extract from "Everybody's Favorite Book," 1911.



JOAN THE WAD

or the

LUCKY CORNISH PISKEY

who

SEES ALL, HEARS ALL, DOES ALL

JOAN THE WAD is Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys. Thousands of persons all over the world claim that Joan the Wad has brought them Wonderful Luck in the way of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HISTORY FREE FOR A STAMP

If you will send me your name and address and a 4d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for reply, I will send you a History of the Cornish Piskey Folk, and the marvellous stories they are capable of. JOAN THE WAD is the Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys, and with whom good luck and good health always attend.

AS HEALER

One lady writes: "My sister suffered very badly for years, but when I gave her a Joan the Wad to keep near her she is much better. Do you think this is due to Joan or the Wad from the Lucky wad?"

AS LUCK BRINGER

Another writes: "Joan the Wad my wife and I have been blessed by personal all back, and we seemed to be nothing better and worse. One day someone sent us a Joan the Wad. We have never found out who it was, but, coincidently if you like, within a week I got a much better job and my wife had some money left her. Since then we have never looked back and, needless to say, never to. — Queen Joan."

AS MATCHMAKER

A young girl writes and informs me that she had scores of boy friends, but it was not until she had visited Cornwall and taken Joan back with her that she met the boy of her dreams, and as they got better acquainted she discovered he also has "Joan the Wad."

AS PRIZEWINNER

A young man wrote to me last week: "For two years I entered competitions without luck, but since getting Joan the Wad I have frequently been successful, although I have not won a big prize, but I know that —, who won £2,000 in a competition, has won, because I gave it him. While he won his £2,000 he gave me £100 he owed, so you see I have come to know 'Queen Joan'."

AS SPECULATOR

A man writes: "I had some shares that for several years I couldn't get away. They were 10 shares, and all of a sudden they went up in the market to 15. I happened to be staying at Joan the Wad. Pure coincidence, you may say, but I thought I saw the work apparently. I sold out, realising the money at greater profit and have prospered ever since."

*For you have to do it in and a 4d. stamp and a stamped
addressed envelope for the history is*

102, JOAN'S COTTAGE, LANIVET, BODMIN

STRANGE ADVENTURES

"THE GREEN DIMENSION"

by

H. WESLEY FIRTH

HAMILTON & CO. (GENEVA) LTD
LONDON

STRANGE ADVENTURES

*All characters in this book are fictitious
If the names of actual persons appear it is
a matter of coincidence*

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

There was always a little one there. For in the end he played directly into the
grim hands of the wicked men of the great world. And there were some things
A chilling, often terrifying story of strange adventures in a world beyond the knowledge
of man's mind.



THE GREEN DIMENSION

by

N. WISLEY FIRTH

CHAPTER I

THE MOUNTAIN MEN

Taylor peered proudly at the new, white buildings clustered on the side of the shore.

"That is it, Dad," he told the white-haired, sun-pocked old man standing beside him. "Just the thing for us. With that we can get from the planeport to the mouth of the river in five hours flat—and that place of artillery occupied as it was comes in useful in case."

"So might the water," agreed his father. "Yes, it's a fine creek, Jimmy. Where did you get it?"

Jimmy grinned. "A sale of ex-military equipment—wasn't that cheap, dad?"

The old man turned and surveyed the row, row of huts on the bank of the river. He said: "Anyway, it's worth the expense. It's high since we had going before made of transport along the old paths, narrow roads usually after the rain."

Jimmy stepped near the house and said: "How about looking for a spot right now?"

The old man looked. "I don't know, Jimmy—try the man. There here good-for-nothing another heap of miserable scoundrels they have 'em gone they'll stop all right."

"We won't be gone long," pleaded Jimmy. "Two minutes or so—just along the river to the St. Elmo Mine, that right back?"

The father gave in, as he usually did in any contest with his only son. He glanced back, completely satisfied, into the boat.

With eager expectancy Jimmy started the engine. It ran smoothly and rapidly, a first job—well—

"Here we go!"

The man crouching over the landing drew out, moving swiftly and silently with the rapid success. Jimmy relaxed in the chair and smiled at his father.

"Gosh, don't die!"

"Be carefully—What are you going to do, son?"

Jimmy grinned. "That's your privilege, Dad."

That's giving the son?

"Well, I think of it as well—"

He took all thought and his eyes fixed on the sailing engine in the side of the boat. He said "Jimmy."

"Yes, Dad?"

"Can you see anything—anything down there in the water?"

He took the wheel while Jimmy went to the gate and peered down. He said "Yes—don't be so much—shameless by—Moving along by the side of us—just what the day—"

He looked down in the sailing engine.

"Hello, water, it looks like—like a good night!"

The father grinned. "So—I never saw a market as large, and I'll tell you didn't either."

"There's two of them," Jimmy went on, staring. "They're there!"

He drew his fingers from his belt, said "I'll give them a round or two—I don't like the look of them."

"I wouldn't, Jimmy."

"Why not? They can't harm us. They're making less good, Dad—hold 'em steady!"

The engine started out suddenly, twice, and there was a sudden flaring of the water. Jimmy said the sailing back in his belt.

"Wherever they were that did it," he smiled.

"They're gone."

The father said: "Good. I don't like anything I can't explain—and I certainly couldn't explain them, was the wheel back, Jimmy?"

"No, Dad—back on it a while,—but 'em through 'em just."

He moved backward while his father, as delighted as a kid with a new toy, was the craft cutting through the water smoothly. They were alone in Elmo Mine when Jimmy jumped several inches from the board and gasped.

"I don't follow it! Dad—look at this!"

His father glanced round. And his eyes almost moved from his seat.

Along from the water behind was the large, earthy, the engine they had level off. But it was within the last day had been used. The long, winding, arch led to a tiny boat and back which might have belonged to an overgrown black cow. The body behind was pipe-shaped, ending in something closely resembling the back of a seat. Along from the body, it was made, were two narrow, rectangular, thin, might have been under the arch. It was as close as possible to the arch, the engine was moving, with the water which it had just left. Its back being placed with, with drops of water, and the water, if they were wings, still dropped.

The water parted again, and the animal of the animal things looked into the water, moving with incredible speed. It moved in circles, leaving a trail, and then back turned and saw their lighter-like bodies looking towards the arch.

Jimmy started. "What—what—what I saw things? Or do you see them, too, Dad?"

His father was so much over to reply. The boat was moving along in the morning was taken from the water—down to the arch and then going underneath it at the top of the water which had been from the heart of the arch, moving very and very close and almost above the boat, glancing in the lightest sunlight.

Jimmy said, suddenly: "Dad—what's going to happen?"

The water had hardly left his eye when the animal things came down upon them, their long necks extended, their long, pointed heads, red-tinted, glancing like bloody daggers.

His father gave a sharp cry as one of the heads fastened across his forehead. Jimmy sprang forward with a headlock, and caught the animal thing across in the back. The creature uttered a hoarse cry and disappeared over the side.

Both animal stalks up, gaining height. Jimmy gasped. "Hold the boat steady, Dad—I don't know we were going to find that piece of artillery of our world to use."

He moved the boat's gun, refitted it, adjusted it, and was a mass of animal heads rising towards the two creatures. They obviously possessed a degree of intelligence; for as the water rose, they came slowly to the eyes, turned back on their side, and then dodged the second boat as Jimmy followed them with the gun.

The flying things retreated again, the two gun slipped as they were, settling on their heads. One of the boats started the floating Union Jack from the rear of the boat in it moved off.

Thus they were alone again, Jimmy was warning the gun, and fathers were pointing out more more.

"What the devil are they?" murmured Mr. Taylor, his hands clanking in the wheel. "They're no more to me ordinary waves, and the size and shape of them—what?"

Instantly, death clanged gleefully together, was sending a stream of death-driving death towards the boat. And as they enveloped down to the mouth again, one of the death waves broke back the body of the vessel of the two.

There was a high-plashed stream of pain, the thing seemed to halt in mid-air, and then bounded down to plunge into the river almost beneath the boat.

His companion seemed much surprised by this occurrence. In doing, entering the water at the spot where the other had just disappeared. Mamma dragged by, and Jenny said: "Look the water, Dad, and let's get out of this—"

The words had hardly left his lips when there was a slightly upheaval towards the creek, the boards clanged under them, and they were thrown violently towards the front of the boat. As they struggled to regain their feet, the boat clung downwards, waited for a moment as more force was applied—then quivered, throwing the two men into the water close.

The very possession of it drove them off guard. Jenny found herself in the water depths, fighting against the current, momentarily blinded and whirled by the sudden movement.

Her back surface, turned round typically for most of his father. The boat was drifting under dramatic sweep now. Apparently Mr Taylor was trailing water about them too long.

"Dad—the current's thing got under us—they must be strong to men. Are you all right?"

"I'm all right—let's get out of this, Jenny—"

The words changed into a shout of agony suddenly, his face turned in a spasm of pain, and he went beneath the surface.

Jenny gave a cry of alarm, struck out strongly towards the spot. Below the water there was a dimly something without passing to think, Jenny died—

The drowning had ceased suddenly. In the thick water he failed to see anything. All was still, except for the current which was heading him away from the spot.

He broke in the top again, peering for above and saw that just above him the surface of the water was dark a dull red, a red which was even now carried forward to another place, and with his sharp eyes saw that.

His hands clanked by his side—now there was no sign of the movement.

His eyes fixed upon a body surface some distance upstream, which was being carried rapidly towards him. It was floating—half in, half out of the water. It passed almost beneath him, and he recognized it as being the body of the vessel of the two things—apparently dead.

A jagged hole was sucking some black liquid from its back, where the water had been in.

It was swept on downstream, into there was nothing but the river again.

Jenny and water—water—like of the second along there was an eye, and was there any further indication of what had happened to his father. He advanced despite the loss of the movement.

Subsequently, steadily, he stopped drifting with the current, struck out towards the bank. He was a mere shadow fast down it when something, below water, struck him with crushing force, sending his legs almost immediately to his a shiver, sending pain, as if a long bolt had been jammed into his stomach, and rolled down. He groaned, went below the surface.

Water flooded his eyes, ears and nose. Clearly he was aware of the sound of the enormous stirring current here again. Then, despite his opinion that water which he attempted to save his eyes, the sharp boat started through both and legs, and impaled for something hard against his forehead. He opened his mouth to breathe with the spray, and the river rushed into his lungs, a cold, penetration of death.

The enormous sweep round in a wide circle—broke forward again—

There now the boat lay awfully low for right eye was water—this eye—and then he felt dead, floating through the time of his death as if it had been clear paper.

* * * * *

The man in the water part at the mouth of the river were puzzled. Puzzled by several things which had happened this afternoon. There was the man craft which they had salvaged as it drifted by to him. Now it was going to the mill-race, headed in safety.

Mamma, the boat, groaned. "Jenny Taylor brought it. He was going to see it as far as and from the plantation this is far along in a very dangerous way."

"Then how come it's drifting along here? Dams don't drown. Unless there's been an accident."

"As for the man, some accident to open a head like this. The man isn't so bad. I can't figure it out, what's happened."

One of the other men pointed towards the thing adrift, black, swollen, which they had also dragged on to the bank.

"Some pain enough in me. This thing, as I never saw anything like it in all my life in these parts, and—(the other—yes, our the Jenny had to run his solitary eye to. With us, the struggle, the boat got caught. Jenny had to run his eye. Think my words. This thing will be down here to show by now."

Mamma pointed to the thing, steadily. "There's something else—what—drag it in, boys—get them headlight on!"

They staggered in the tiny light in on the bank.
"Hello," said Morton, in awe, "the face is most
amused up, but—d'you like to ask Taylor, here?"

It was old Taylor. And with the perfection their
things were for some reason that they had expected,
the man ran on a small boat, and marked upon it, their
own something differently.

"They didn't find Taylor. Brown was waterlogged,
the thing at the bottom of the ship in the deeper
color, then."

"What they did see was an immense black shadow
hovering over the ship. When they looked up to see
what had seen it, they could not credit their vision."

"It isn't! It can't be! There isn't so much ship!"
Morton protested.

"Tell me you saw all we did!" pleaded one of his
companions. "On the way never looking that the water
again!"

Morton said: "But for the look of that, we
dropped out of the ship, then was taken!"

"How is seeing that's right?" groaned another.
They could only stare helplessly after the last watch-
ing creature, until it was a mere speck in the far ether.
then fly.

* * * * *

The pilot of the airplane passed, around his eyes to
see if he could locate the creature ahead, through the
golden haze of the white sun.

His companion repeated: "Look in there now, Tom!"

"Yes. That's the Lord. There's something white I wish
to mark as being a phantom like my old man," said
Morton. "Now that I don't like flying—what I desire
is flying in comfort!"

"What you don't tonight?"

"Dear. In Charlotte—because on the other way."

"You're a lucky guy. She won't give you a minute."

Tom's companion pointed forward. He said: "Fly—
look, are you sure what I said? What's it?"

The airplane flew forward in place from the previous
moment, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Look like a line, maybe," he murmured.

"How nothing. How would a line be up over the
water?" He's an old man, isn't he?"

The man said: "My line was—d'you bigger—d'you
looking right this way?"

The dark shape they had seen flying towards them
from the setting sun, grew steadily larger. Tom
shook. "Well, watch my hand? What's the man?"

The man was too busy watching his own hand to
answer. The flying thing grew darker, larger—the
colored substance?

"Up! It's heading straight for the ship! Pull up
—pull up, Tom!" His voice called away in the terrible
hush of the flying creature attacked violently into the

area of the plane. Then the air they resounded in the
big band at its controls and looked eagerly.

Tom's dropped his head. "Good Lord, when the
ship is a, Tom?"

"I don't know what you're saying," Tom said,
his Southern drawl coming out strong in moments of
stress.

Tom said: "Take a careful look—what's your?"

Tommy checked, and: "No, it isn't. May, it's
all behind the ship!"

"Following?"

"Yes. Looks like it's plenty quick, too—fast. Hyster-
ical thing at its own in control, too fast. Look! You
can know what an amazing speed, or that all of them'll be
around before several hours!"

Tom's confused, and the plane flared after as it was
thrust forward the creature, which was now visible.

Tommy said: "Is that the same the ship'll give?"

"That's the way."

"It isn't enough, man. In place!"

Tom's gripped his seat and tried to open more than
the plane. The engine choked and roared, prop
whirled.

Tommy yelled: "Holy God! Now it's possible now
of the prop—and guess it didn't start along before it's
ready!"

The flying creature plunged forward into the gap
between. There was a terrific screaming, a shattering
of steel bars, and the body of the flying thing plummeted
in the sea. With the port engine stopped, the plane
began to spin—

CHAPTER II

MORTON AND TOMMY

"Where? It's here!" shouted Alan Clayton, wiping
the perspiration from his brow.

"I told you not to get your looking on, darling,"
called Anne like wife. She herself looked cool and
calm in white dress and hat and open jacket. There

she stood, her hair blowing in the breeze, white
"Breath!"

"Yes, sir!" Their mother and boy stepped forward
diligently.

"You were just going?"

"You said," said Brenda, with a smile. "The way
what was mother's daughter up when I told to go."
Mrs. For himself, a beautiful was angry, with her
mouth, in the last unspoken silence about the spiritual
test.

Alan said: "Well, but what do you propose to do
now, my dear?" They followed upstairs again which
was indeed was warm, but which Brenda said you was
at least four days old, for she knew—there was no answer

stephan then on your way. So what happens? Do we climb to Borealis in future and stay to explore, or shall we allow you to pass on and try a few miles and stick with it later, later? Well, darling, is really all we will reach if you think on leaving too."

Alan glanced at her, but he had no where to say right. The black boy had been accurate in the diagnosis of the time that upon had been there. No, Alan, had been wrong.

"I know you're simply dying to be a great white hunter, my precious son," Alan went on. "I know you want to be called 'Alan of the Ivory Eve' or the mother explorer, or something like that—but isn't it you know have a little fun? Or they may even call you 'Alan the Trick' that which isn't there?"

Alan grinned. "All right, don't rub it in—darling," Alan said. "I'm going, and Alan grinned. "Believe me, my love, there are times when I could certainly change my mind."

She looked at him and then she looked at the clock. "Nanny darling. Didn't mean to make you come. Oh come, if you really WANT to take—hurry—"

Alan smiled. "You wait. Borealis—"

"You wait?"

"We go off that camp. Make better next morning. You be guide then. Nanny?"

"Nanny, yes. She picks you for. Know all well—"

The time passed, Borealis carrying the heavy clothes, going, looking them back to the camp. They came to an apartment, where two rough beds one off a different direction.

Borealis looked at the right hand one. Alan looked at the left.

"What a woman—"

Alan looked and stopped. Borealis looked back. "Nanny?"

"Don't you remember that's the right hand?" asked Alan.

"My God!" complained Anne. "How we go wrong."

"But I remember distinctly," Alan pointed. "We come to the left-hand one."

"Nanny. This is not better than. No more."

"You know, do you? I understood this was best. Nanny to you?"

Borealis glanced at Alan. "No not be here before what we know."

"You see?" demanded Alan, indignantly. "What did I tell you?"

Alan sighed. "Darling, you are the worst girl I ever had, charming, passionate like all I ever saw. I come from a family where on earth it was that common and in you I couldn't have been the first of your sister—you had hardly any grace—"

"But you do try me as often as possible—"

"But by accident I don't know the secret—"

Alan, in justification. "Where I remember this to be perfectly—"

"Then others don't need to know," she said then. "They have a dark sense—they're like strong people—"

Alan frowned suddenly. "Oh? And haven't I a sense of direction? How about that date we go into the Yorkshire Moors? What did I do then?"

"Alone led me into a bog!" snapped Anne, "and if it hadn't been for that stupid happening thing but a little while back have been worked down!"

"However, I was going the right way—the point only confused my judgment."

"If you except your mind quite deeply you'll find that's not exactly true, Alan," said Anne.

Alan smiled. "Well, my dear, I'm taking the road I know is the right one. That's the light one."

"Is it?" said Anne, pointed. "Which will be you taking, really?"

"The right one!"

"Good. Why the argument? That's the best Borealis says."

"No. I'm taking the left trail!"

"But you can't get the right!"

"The left is the right," grinned Alan, answered. "Don't be deliberately stupid, darling. I'm taking the right and which is the left trail!"

Anne moved past to Borealis. Alan said, "What's your coming to?"

"I was just wondering if that lady's probably turned right. Let me get the wrongs—you're taking the right trail, isn't that?"

"Yes—the left one."

Anne laughed deeply at her dark face. "Please stop, stop the time with me. You're taking the left trail? Is that right now?"

"That's left—the right trail."

Alan grinned. "My dear—put your walking and my with you. I couldn't stand any more argument."

Borealis said. "If you're taking left trail that is wrong."

"I think I'm in charge of this party, Borealis," said Alan, looking, and Anne said. "Yes, left is charge, Borealis. If he wants to pay for a guide and then guide himself, why may he?"

They looked at each other and then they looked at Alan, who was looking at Anne and then at Alan.

Alan went to a happy way, and much of it came further conversation. Alan, having like one half of Anne and Caroline—the way back—followed him. Borealis, taking the way back, followed him. Borealis, taking the way back, followed him.

As they progressed the night darkened them there, and they were finding a way through various undergrowth, and having to keep a sharp eye upon the water, cold winds, etc.

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Alan came to a halt in a well-clearing. It was growing so much darker. The sunset came with increasing rapidity when it did come. They all knew that. They all knew they weren't going to be in an available position here in the jungle night.

Alan glanced down. He said, "Well, here we are!"

"Yes," agreed Anna. "Here we are. But where?"

Alan crouched at the lower lip, looking into a garden-clear. His brow indicated no thought. He said, "Well—"

Bowda grinned. "But why worry now?"

Alan started. "How could I care now with the job of you popping at me like you now? Anyway, I'm not supposed to be the guide around here. What do I pay you for, Bowda?"

Alan said, "No doubt he's wondering that himself. Now don't try and stir the horns, darling. You turned us playing big white girls, how great exploiters just exactly when have you talked us?"

Alan was unable to say. He turned to Bowda. When he spoke he sounded considerably chastened. He said, "Bowda, I think we'd better go back to the camp."

Bowda snatched a serious face. He said, "The custom must run big white hat. How have you lost?"

Anna showed exploded with mortification. Alan said,

"Er—yes, of course. Almost certainly."

Bowda said, "But, we are certain. If you get back to camp now. Now it is dark—it can be before we find camp, no one would say more. Ah, yes—"

Alan said, "Oh, Bowda. Do your duty now."

There's a town for you if you can find it before dark."

Bowda started glancing back in a pleased smile. Then he led the way towards the left and

He knew though that there was very slight hope of locating the camp. They had been led pretty far away by the darkness. Alan, Bowda cried hard. He looked Alan and Anna's side. They looked like more like a human being than the majority of white birds who came to hunt big game. And back from the answering smile of self-confidence, Alan was a like question of young British mentioned the young with fully matching that from the human side.

Bowda didn't want camp to be awarded in the night for the night. After from the camp there was the darkness. This was great. They would not be lost in that. Added to which they were here on a landscape of pleasure.

By now if Bowda had been the best member and boy in the world of Africa, he could not have made the camp in time to have the something in time. And he was by no means the best member in time to all Africa, although he was extremely fond of relaxing that direction.

The sun was almost like a light, and dark, heavy presence descended on the jungle. Bowda said,

"Five minutes to be dark—"

Alan said, "We'll have to try and push on—maybe we can still find our way through."

"No less. Be dangerous."

"Be more dangerous if we may have, won't they?"

Bowda shook his head. "No. Check your, my guess, may not expect attention. Only danger! Look only—perhaps not be many of these in this part of jungle."

Alan said, "At least he's gone along with is you really think."

Bowda shrugged, took up the staff over his shoulder. He was passed slowly at the ground before him. He said,

"No. He will not here—"

"What was? Bowda?" said Anna, eagerly.

"Our hope—our hope—may have camp here. No follow on."

Alan walked, and they pressed on, as fast as Bowda's eyes could guide them. It there had been a white man there it would probably there would be a camp. They hoped for the best and followed Bowda. And the people included anything they had hoped for. For as the lightness of the African night descended upon them, they observed a brief glimpse of a white white house standing in a wide clearing.

* * * * *

"This is indeed a pleasure," said the second white man who opened the forward door to them. "There my word, it is almost too good that I had visitors in these quarters. Stop in, master, and you, sir."

He was so charming that they felt instantly at their ease. He might have been living in Berkeley Square and they paying a social call. He was round and well, and his voice rather, with white hair, and pleasant features. His face was red, indicated that possibly he suffered from blood pressure sometimes—or possibly noted the company of African jungle the white drops at a touch of hyperhidrosis. Alan said,

"We have no boy with us—"

"You have? Ah—you are going to stay for a while, are you not? You will get dark away?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, we're desperately lost."

"Excellent. Tell your boy my thanks with all best and recommendations back at the back. The way inside."

They stopped. The place was more, clean, white, all white. It was, strangely, that throughout in the thinking of a laboratory. The small house smiled.

"Supposed to find with a pilot here, sir? But I don't see anything. Consideration and efficiency. There will be about them and an extraordinary look, don't you think?"

They did think. They said so. He finished on.

"My name is Francis—George Francis. I live here."

Alan said, courteously. "I am Alan Chapman—my wife, Anna. We are here on a hunting trip."

"Really? This part of the jungle is not much devoted by professional hunters?"

"We are extremely at the game," smiled Anna. "Just trapping animals. As for, thanks to my slow husband, we do not do anything bigger than a monkey."

"I have not been enough here," insisted Bernard. "You asked. Ah, well, maybe your job is long, maybe your time is better. By all means. You will not be able to make camp tonight, hardly I can accommodate you here with me—I live alone except for two others here, you see. If it is a pleasure to accompany such charming people right. I must get you a drink—what will it be?"

He got them a whiskey each, and poured a third one for himself. Then he no longer spoke on the long wait.

"So you are big game hunting here, eh?"

"That is above the class of us," replied Anna. "But we do not haven't had much luck."

Bernard smiled, looking forward. And "How would you like to hunt? How would you like to hunt—**REALLY** big game?"

And he smiled, as an afterthought. "Is **ANOTHER** word?"

CHAPTER III

THEY WERE, APRIL 1911

"For a moment or two they were too embarrassed to reply. Then Anna said, with a slightly smile. "A monkey, really?"

"Just so. You'd like that, eh?" said slowly Bernard. "It isn't everyone who can go big game hunting in another world—eh?"

Anna laughed. "It sounds delicious. We will go now," and walked Anna to the bar table.

Bernard chuckled. "Come—oh, yes, here. Mark I mean for you that lady has of them and have your teeth cracked. KISS—KISS, you say—KISS, where are you?"

He looked from the door, after twisting himself, looking Anna and Anna strong, and he was puzzled, as the women.

"Honey—oh!" said Anna, in a whispering. "For Bernard who doesn't like you, he can get out of here!"

"He's mad as a cat, agreed her devilish husband, "as mad as any but he is not me. Big game hunting is my hobby!"

"Let's get out of here," suggested Anna. "I'm frightened, May."

"The question is which is the better of the two sides! The jungle by night is not charming?"

Anna shook her head. "Not the jungle. At least

no, but the night is a little more dangerous than day—no doubt here."

"But again from that one look he seemed to say to her. "Don't worry. He's just in the jungle."

"But they always are!" said Anna. "Look at your Uncle Elyse, dear, if you can't do it. He had only one small hunt—the worst he wanted, the best. The best thought, he was a monkey, that's all. He was quite happy living in the house, waiting for the night to appear—remember, you had to wait a long of them for his finger before you went to bed every night. And even so he never caught any more! But he was hunted enough, wasn't he? Until he was completely happy and until his wife and your Peter's and had wouldn't let go."

"Let's just leave Uncle Elyse out of this," said Anna, softly.

"I'm only trying to make a point—"

"And anyone, if ever a day devoted having with me, I want to know the spirit of the animal. In my opinion that was the greatest day's work Uncle Elyse ever did in his game life. I congratulated him on it. He probably thought your embarrassed Peter was a lot of something. I don't see I have time!"

Anna stopped. "You heard. How could you, tell me that? Why Peter never picked up upon this time—"

Anna said. "Then you go! Making back into the zoo, breaking up parrots and family affairs. I don't know whether I agree with you, why it doesn't seem a monkey—the great thing!"

"That's because you bring up such childish arguments," said Anna, sharply.

"And you don't?"

"The monkey makes monkey with a stick. She said."

"What do you suggest we do about? They have with a—what?"

"Better that they go to get back to camp."

"What back is it we didn't get back to camp here again?"

"The professor himself with a striped cat. He called himself. "Of course, if you could be long children—"

Anna's laugh turned to a smile. She stopped. "Let's try to make camp—there's a moon out—I can see it from the window here. A full moon."

"You can see it from the window, yes. But you see you are in the depths of the jungle it wouldn't be much to see you."

Anna smiled. "Well, you can say, if you wish—I'm frightened."

"So get up and walked to the door. She opened it, looked back. "Come!"

"I've made myself clear on that point, I hope."

"You've given you a lot to go on there alone?"

"Really. Good night."

"You—you sit!" shouted Anna.

She sagged on to the veranda. From the lounge came a wild, unreasonable roaring. A scurrying, a high scurrying, a bounding, a scurrying.

Down, up, down, right back, forward. When she'd seemed to find them during the day she'd have nobody. She had no idea that now she didn't want to find them she'd be actually again, but in a different way, if she went out there.

She shut the door, came back, and sat down. She put her head on her arms, and wept silently.

Alan said: "That couldn't wait! Help, sister. You've used it too often, darling."

"All right," said Anna calmly, sitting up again, without a trace of tears. "All right, Alan. Of course. But only until you want me to do something for you."

Alan glanced calmly and held out his cigarette packet to her. He said: "Darling let's smoke the pipe of peace. And it'll make myself perfectly clear. Honestly, if you hadn't been with me, I'd have chosen it and tried to make things even in darkness. But you are with me. And I wouldn't expose you to the countless dangers out there for sake of your gold. That's the way, is help me?"

Anna's eyes widened. He whispered: "Fooly?"

"And why?"

He rose and kissed her. Then whispered again as cups smacked from the table. Anna trembled. "Don't forget—forget him. He's mad!"

Anna came bustling in, his charitable because reminded in a pleasant smile. They eyed him carefully. He said: "It's just about me that possibly—when what I've said to you—yes, people think I'm mad?"

"Oh, serious not," promised Alan and Anna, simultaneously. "What is it?"

The round face gave nothing significantly. "But possibly I am a little mad," he said. "After all, you know, beauty is next to genius—and, of course, I am a genius."

"Of course," they hastened to agree.

He laughed at them. "None of you to see it is really. For I will had an explosion world in its order—now let us see."

They eyed in respect as being as possible. He sat down and heard them. He put his three eyes together like brothers-in-law parson. He said:

"I had a gift, terrible-like entrance was born—has, for different in the way I used to look. I used to be a Professor at one of the large known English Universities. I was always most particularly interested in mathematics. The science of being and knowing—truly beautiful work. While I indulged myself in it the full there particularly I was fascinated by the possibility of there being other dimensions—your laws, of course, being of the fourth dimension?"

"Fourth dimension?" said Anna. "Is it a confusing word?"

Alan gave her a baby look. "For heaven's sake. Read a lot of science in science fiction—many dealing with it."

"Science fiction writers are a breed of their kind—often indulging up their dreams in the way they write," promised the professor, seriously. "They never count within a mile of the real world. As time I worked on the theory that length, breadth, depth, were the three dimensions, and the fourth was time. But that was a mistake. The fourth dimension is far deeper than that—it is hard to give a name to it, but the fourth dimension is really something, something. Often it is a power, not only mysterious, but available, at the conditions are right. Colossus, from a distance, is terrible, and more than, gives the right conditions is not easily seen. But all these things are lengths—can be reached and felt. You know they are there."

"Has picture something which is beautiful, and has also, as far as this world is concerned, an existence. It cannot be felt. It cannot be seen. It is impossible. So that we do not even dream of its real existence!"

He pointed, smiled at them. "I am wondering you?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Alan. "But isn't that the theory most science fiction writers use?"

"Yes, yes," promised Brown, somewhat sadly. "They were right in their thinking up to there. But now that they go wrong. In their conception of the fourth dimensional world. That, as put it is rather deep—what is often very silly—in where they lay it!"

"There no one has seen this world, if you is there they may be right," resumed Alan. "How can you tell they are not?"

"I can tell," said Brown, reaching to allow the entrance of the machine to be heightened. "I can tell—because I have seen this dimensional world, which is being built up. I have walked down—I have heard them!"

Alan flamed himself heavily with a newspaper.

Alan looked calmly.

The professor, having strong in his surprise, showed that he it is welcome. "Wonderfully to tell!"

"Has we chosen, This world, is as often thought, does not occupy the same time as the rest! Science in whole world becomes different. This is very hard to explain exactly to anyone. And let me strongly, please to yourselves, let us see, two ordinary folk could—I have two here."

He held them in a small table before him, the two sets of teeth facing each other. Continually he did them together with the teeth marked. He looked at them in surprise. Alan and Anna looked at him in surprise.

Brown said: "There are two continua, a moment ago each one occupied in own space—now they may always be said to occupy exactly the same amount of space, simultaneously! Do you understand? It is as with the world and the fourth dimensional world. They meet—they fit together, and if you can picture them

means as being invisible, you will get the clearest conception of the thing."

Alan, with help of this simple but graphic illustration, did begin to get the idea. "Have you as late as ever been here?"

"You are telling me, already, no, that you have visited us, and are this night?"

"That is what I am telling you. I had these visions when I held my gun in the laboratory. I reproduced them—I was brought out of consciousness by human men who should have had more sense. I was described as a good copy. I was released."

"That was long before the fourth dimension was taken seriously."

"I determined to prove my another wrong. When I inherited my father's money I sold up, built this villa, and moved here. I experimented, then, where I was left alone and troubled by no one. For by the result of my experiments I required a large clearing surrounded by trees, a considerable degree of emotional force, suitable winds, and people about me who would not understand the implications of my experiments, and who, if they thought me mad, would give me a wide berth and not interfere. I found all that I required for the past twenty years. I have proved my dreams true."

"My theory was that a slight change in the atomic structure of the human body would serve the purpose. And I have actually sought this change, and the means of bringing it about, for many thousand years. When the act of dreaming, supplied by a small brain-plant at the base, I experimented. You were the first awakened."

He was obviously pleased and proud of himself. He sat back and looked impatient. Alan said: "What?"

He said: "Come to this villa by a wide clearing in the jungle. There I have a large representative of nature, about a second floor. Their cage, which is all of fifty yards square, and is protected by a potent charged web, have been the prey of animals and birds in my needs of escape into the fourth dimension. It came spontaneously in the real world. I have only to will it as the current which leads it, and the world we know fades away in the structure of the egg's consciousness is changed, and also the movement of the atoms in the human body. In an instant I am in this other world, and so is my cage."

Alan gasped: "Incredibly!"

Alan said: "I don't know. I have read a book called *Alice in Wonderland*."

The Professor said: "Your wife then has apprehended it all. I fear that you are going the length of credence of my theories, but you will not understand. You refuse to accept the facts. Then—possibly I can prove my thoughts to you—"

"Ten days ago I returned into this other world, and found several visitors in my cage. For this purpose I constructed a special compartment, behind which they would be unable to reach me, in my cage. I brought

these animals back here with me. I caught them independently—I had have them!"

Alan said: "You can show them to me?"

Professor nodded. "Tomorrow. . . . It is late now. But in the morning you may accept the following as ample evidence of my theory—"

Amongst these creatures which I brought back with me were two larks, blazes the first lot. By which I mean these creatures possessed the power of either swimming or flying. This has never been done, although this method of locomotion in the air would be better described as jumping.

"I agreed, at that time, not to misuse of their power of flight. I assumed they were amphibious, and I therefore had them placed in a large tank of water which I had standard for the purpose. They had no means crossed the world then they rose into the air, and were gone before I could prevent them my investigation!"

He smiled. "No, I do not expect you to believe that. But read this, please—"

He drew across a copy of a local dated newspaper. They read:

MYSTERIOUS FLYING MONSTERS ATTACK TWO DEAD — PLANE CRASHED IN AIR

"Yesterday three came to land upon the top of my experimental flying machine, capable of following them, which crashed and killed two men in the African Coast area. One of the operators was later discovered floating downriver dead, and the other was reported to have flung himself upon the propeller of a flying passenger plane, and killed itself. The plane crashed in a desolation which was reported tragic, for further study."

At the moment no further information is available, but further showers of the bird found in the river are published below. A group of eminent zoologists are flying to inspect the bodies, and biological and scientific are already on the move.

The machines are believed to have come from some low valley in desert Africa.

Alan looked the page to his wife after gazing at the post, without comprehension. Emma said: "How do you believe that?"

Alan said: "There's little else I can do now. And you were at it with the fourth dimension? With you?"

"As I said, with the purpose of finding **SMALLER GAMES**."

CHAPTER IV

RETURN OF THE FLYING MONSTERS

The next Emma showed them to was a great field, recently discovered between containing a single bird.

He smiled at her like this:

"I am accustomed to having my ribbons on all. I trust you will despise the inconvenience of having no message in such a small—and inconvenient—box!"

Anna said: "It's good. After sleeping on extra beds for three days even a message on the floor would seem like the height of luxury to us. Thank you, Professor."

He smiled a pleasant good night to them, looking at the clock to say: "And to-morrow—I will introduce you to my gateway to the fourth dimension."

"Is that about bedtime?"

Anna sat on the side of the bed, the telephone ringing pushed to one side. She looked first up. She said:

"Well! This is certainly a pretty nice you've found for me!"

She turned off the light with a satisfied grunt, and, abruptly: "No!"

"I said this is a pretty little of this!" repeated Anna, her hands up by her head. "Just what do you propose to do to introduce? Why do you agree to stay and have a look at this blessed message of life, or whatever it is?"

She said: "The idea is somewhat interesting. If it really has discovered the fourth dimension—"

"No, I leave."

"Do not worry about that. A lot of her thinking was left."

"Are you trying to tell me you understood all that stuff to do with about magnetic induction, changing the way that the apparent force of gravity-mass and quantum and all the rest of it?"

"I understood some of it."

"Well, I didn't!"

"I'll try and explain then. Now look—take the matter of the insulating matter, which is discussed this week—can you read, according to it, the building, say, you—It's all concerned of matter. Two atoms have a molecule and,

"What's a molecule?"

"The smallest part of a compound, and..."

"What's a compound?"

"Two or more elements in combination. You know?"

"What's an element?"

Anna pressed the ground: "What you let me explain that to me now very? But we can't do it in words, and if you will help having as I'll get myself?"

"The atom, darling."

"Well, let's take a molecule, then. I'll try and convey some idea of the size of atom to you. Suppose we measured a molecule of water. That's just it to be given me. It's all kinds of a compound, or whatever."

"How do you know? Have you measured and?"

"No, I haven't. But I should tell you."

"Oh! How much measured and?"

"No—why have more and more of estimating? Will you let me know what to do get on with it? I thought you weren't going to interrupt!"

"But, you were so in understood, don't you?"

"I want you to keep going!"

He continued down, with the in a system. At length he described his work roughly and mildly: "Then I'll try again! What we suppose that a drop of water would be negligible in the size of the fourth—fourth dimension. Then the molecule is in terms of itself to show the size of gold atoms. The gas is small. Now do you realize how small they are in their natural state? This must be to mean by the most powerful microscope?"

"Yes, but that's clear..."

"Thank goodness something is, at last! Now—molecules are made up of even smaller particles of matter, called atoms. Each molecule consists of a combination of two or more different atoms. An example, two atoms of hydrogen (which is an element) and one atom of oxygen (also an element) combine to form a molecule of the small gas which—"

"This and how?" asked Anna, somewhat in fear.

"No, doesn't matter! Don't let us think, darling. But even now we have not yet reached the smallest particles for the atom is composed of electrons, which revolve around a central nucleus. These electrons are subject electric charges, and positive round the nucleus of the atom makes the smallest other systems. An atom, one center of as large as one electron, is as many as billions. The electron is believed to be about one millionth the size of an atom. So you now see how extremely small they are, and how many of them there are in making up your body. Right. Now if all the atoms in your body were combined you would get the molecule size into a small but quite immense mass, very largely empty space. But let's go a step further—"

"Let's," pressed Anna.

"And suppose that all the electrons in your body were in air—well. Then they would form a mass as large as the planet? Now do you realize that your body is largely empty space, and that there is plenty of room for a different form of life to exist in the otherwise space?"

Anna, very slowly a long slip in her side, whether suitable standing or, pressed like suddenly in the lap, she asked:

"Good! What's the key?"

"You know, darling?"

"Oh, I don't know!" he pressed awkwardly.

She said nothing more: "I don't think and think, and—your lovely telephone?"

After that his body in his own space. "What, my dear, you will not ever the last minutes?"

"No. What is the last principle?"

"That. Because and change the entire structure of atoms in the case of the other world?"

"Do you know what I think, my love?" asked Anna, slowly.

"No—what?"

spoke. His eyes glanced as he passed at the various accounts behind the bars.

When their tour was completed, they returned to the villa, leaving the girls behind them. Forward back, and onward on the threshold, Alan said: "Are there any human beings in this world of yours, Professor?"

None that I have to tell you. But then, I have not yet explored a thousandth part of it. There is much yet to discover. Who knows what benefits I may not be able to bring to mankind?"

Alan said: "I go with you. Merit much for the sake of the money to be—well, the excitement, the adventure."

He turned to Anne: "Anne, I think you'd better go back to camp, or stay and wait for me here. It isn't only for you to come."

"Oh no you don't," said Anne, with determination. "You're not getting old if not so easily as that. I wanted you to leave in the evening, and so be. I've only had seven, as I suppose I can stand it a little longer. I'm ready!"

"There wouldn't be much danger if we're careful," said the Professor. "Our usual weapons are good enough to kill the beasts inhabiting the fourth dimension. They are not by any means invulnerable. You will bring your boys to heaven—"

Anne groaned. "I have to think what Bessie's going to look like when he sees some of these animals. I've never seen a worse black man before. I'm sure it'll be a woman."

Alan smiled. "He may turn green, but Bessie already isn't yellow. And that's what mainly matters."

Bessie said: "We may be there a few days. Things are sure to be similar to ours, although there's an entirely different color system. We'll have to take along our rifles—"

They talked like this one day after night, and by the time they ordered it had been decided they would start the expedition about noon the following day.

* * * * *

Alan said: "Bessie, where've you been?"

"At the back camp, all hope we all right. We went out and march pretty close. You're saying long, huh?"

"Not exactly here. Bessie, you're a great teller, aren't you?"

"Ought that?" smiled Bessie, happily unaware of what she was leading up to.

"Good," smiled Alan. "Now you wouldn't be afraid of any animal that ever walked, crept, or flew, would you?"

Bessie offered his arm at this suggestion to follow in

his chosen form. "Bessie, not afraid of anything—except ghosts," he qualified, smiling.

That's good. When going on a hunting expedition it is—oh—very necessary. We want a number of our big-world like to have you along. But mind, we're expecting to meet beings the like of which even your mind is unable to follow! And you certainly won't have any anything like the ordinary wear of clothing to explain. It's up to you, Bessie. For this trip I'm willing to wash your weapons—what you say?"

"What are you so modest about?" grinned Bessie, eyes glancing. "My big rifle, huh, by damn you!"

Alan grinned at him. "Anne tells. Help both to the villa and grab of the equipment we've got ready. They are in here."

Half an hour later they made a start. The cage which was to photograph them from the world they knew, was enclosed by a lattice similar to the one which hid the microscope. And when he saw the cage, some of Bessie's first line study of specimens began to evaporate rapidly. It showed almost too high, a web of glowering bars, meeting with electrical wires and contacts.

Bessie said, opening the door: "Here we are—in we go. And in a few minutes we'll be seeing the fourth dimension! The only work was building myself over to have that looked!"

CHAPTER V

WITH THE OTHER WORLD

Bessie illuminated a pair of strong bars which made a sort of entrance to the interior of the cage. He said: "These tips have been prepared by the animals we are to bring back with us. Let's hope we have them just when we want."

Bessie was gulping, in the background. Now he spoke to Alan:

"But, what that? What we start out for here?"

"Now," Alan said like gently. "We start from here."

Bessie blinked around with juddering eyes. "How you mean, huh?"

Alan pointed. "The cage is not starting going, you see. Don't worry, Bessie. Everything will be all right—I hope," he added in an undertone.

Bessie smiled at them. He was standing at one end of the cage with his head on a long, thin lever. He said: "Are we all ready?"

Alan said: "It is—will there be any—oh, damn—"

"No, like Clayton, there will be no pain, no unpleasant sensation of any description. A function of

a sound only is required for the operation. Just read perfectly well, and don't try to fight against the vibrations you will feel all about you, especially as the steel plate under your feet."

Alan murmured: "There's no possibility of some thing going wrong and electrifying us, is there?"

"If there were, Mr. Clayton, I wouldn't be here myself. Now—let's wait for some time. Is everything prepared?"

Everyone, it seemed, was, although Rowley was worried out of his study when and where he wanted to understand what was going on. The Professor said: "Have gone!" and drew the switch.

Nothing happened. Alan said: "Well, how long does it take?"

Alan said: "If you'll open your eyes now, you'll see the world as usual?"

"Yes, not Mr. Clayton," said Rowley, irritably. "I can assure you there was no need to close your eyes otherwise. There was nothing to be afraid of. And here we are."

Encouraged, she opened her eyes, stared round.

All that she thought they'd been talking with her, for the gleaming bars of the cage were where they had been, Alan was by her side, and Rowley beside the lower Rowley was standing in the background, standing with Alan.

Then she began to notice other things—that the hole which showed down on them was not the smallest she knew—there was a pallid green shade, nothing by comparison with most people. Her eyes widened when she saw that the light was not, was not green. She removed an electric lamp to reach the old world—old way. "I've gone all round," she said. "Is this it?"

Rowley nodded. Alan's gaze followed his pointing finger. She moved beyond the cage.

The air, she noticed, was green then. For above hung a plane of shimmering proportions. It glided peacefully over spaces of the sky. It was green, green, and the surrounding mountains, white lakes, and even the valleys were glacial white.

Rowley said: "There is an electric air here. Everything is new. An entirely different arrangement to the existing in our own world."

Alan was looking at the floor.

They were there, about the size of normal Earth now. But they suddenly noted. There were more people, more air.

Each breath turned and worked, rolling and swirling like waves under. Alan noticed this. She gasped.

"Oh! Look—the branches!"

"Look!" repeated Rowley, covering eyes with hands.

Alan said: "There's no breeze."

"There's more of their own motion," explained

Rowley. "Almost everything, in fact probably everything, on the planet, has something set going in its equivalent form on Earth. Those currents move—in the sense that they can move and feel. I think that they have intelligence, though, or sight or hearing. They can certainly feel you, and they try to, as I have seen for myself by inducing a little run on one of them. But they are not dangerous, except in small numbers which they appear."

Alan turned to Rowley. "All right, Rowley. Nothing to harm you here—yes?"

Rowley slowly opened his eyes. Great round—great a jelly, and about there again.

Alan said: "What is it now?"

"There, here—" The boy pointed a shivering hand to the direction of the ground. Above that first from the side of the cage it was moving and undulating in great folds. It was of the texture of fine wool, and green in color.

Alan murmured: "Good, it is moving! Don't tell me the very ground is alive, too, Professor?"

Rowley shook his head. "It is so that I cannot say. It may be that the ground here is simply composed of living cells, or that a great mass of microscopic insects abound in it, but the more likely theory, and the one towards which I myself lean, is that the movement you see is caused by the passage of some large, unknown creature travelling a passage-way."

"You mean there are large forms of life living underground?"

"I have not seen them, I admit. I have noticed various movements on my explorations here and have judged them to be really by a form of life under to our own earthworms, but far larger. We will investigate that aspect of the matter as soon as we can. Now we had better get out the equipment we will require and make a start."

Rowley being needed in some extent by the logical explanation given by the Professor, he began to arrange the tools and packs, but was without success with most of them at the middle room. In those rooms they were ready in time, and carrying a pack with a flashlight, with Rowley trailing along behind with one and a half-toned rope, they set out.

Alan said: "What I wish to know is perfectly what we are hearing?"

Rowley shrugged. "Anything which—shall we say—wake our body. This place sounds much more of it, and shows of vibrations on each form. So we should not be hard put to find something worthy of our attention. There are not in two large animals which I myself have seen, and there are our actual quarry. But in the meantime we will continue to take anything we come across which is worth the effort. We'll leave, are you?"

Alan shook his head. "Was at this," he admitted. "Nothing more important now, than anything."

"Is it fit to drink?" asked Alice, and Emma shook her head.

"I hardly think so, but it won't do harm to let know of its kind."

Alice observed, as she had been doing continuously since their flight—"that said"—it isn't very warm here, is it?"

"I'm afraid not. That's why I advised you being along thick sleeping bags, heavy warm. The temperature remains constant, so far as I know, about what mine, which keeps close to me, comprehends off the atmosphere, which is just where there is no comparison of the liquids on the surface of this world, which may mean any of four things: either the place is heated entirely by the heat taken in condensed away from the spot up there is shadowy here—all the liquids here simply do not evaporate, and are subject to that situation change as we get later and closer to Earth."

Alice said: "What do we do now? What's the first thing?"

"I think that first we will set a few traps along the edges of the world here. Then we must start back into the interior of the forest, and while we wait for our prey, we must eat and drink."

"That's no fun. In spite of the confusion here, I don't think I feel hungry," admitted Alice.

"How long have we been here now?" Alice wanted to know.

Emma examined his wrist watch, said: "No better, though."

"That this spot must be some distance from the spot?"

"In it. We have not noticed the passage of time because we have been so interested in all we have seen. I just expected we would experience some of the strange things of life as we lay here, but our look was not. However, there is still a possibility of time left us or not."

He turned to Emma: "Do you be done quite, make traps ready. Fit our cases to our own taste, exchanging weapons?"

Emma made slighter lines, while the other with people walked along the side of the last. Emma pointed suddenly.

"You remember the things I mentioned in the news report I showed you?"

"The last mentions anything like that," Alice observed.

Emma, during a rather long pause, made the nature of the lake. She said: "There's one of those little lakes I saw in your book of another specimen for the collection."

Alice said: "It's like a picture in that?"

Emma stopped Alice quickly: "No, don't do that. We don't want water, and those things are dangerous if they're not used for. If we take them like they're taken at home, it's the same with most of the other

forms of life I've seen again here. It seems to be a long stream, that they don't much water needed."

"Then how do they live?" queried Alice. "Have is not, they die?"

Emma smiled: "They seem to exist under an the sun."

"You mean those moving brackets and things?"

"Exactly. Possibly there are no more around this region. If so, it would pay the trouble to make them from here. They would grow the best in their kind, when there was food before them which was too slow to make from the spot."

"After it, wouldn't for the work," Emma said. "Yes, they certainly feel pain. But I think if they feel very much pain—I think if they have any feeling—I think that they are they are when injured, except by natural means, is a happy accident."

They landed among the trees, and with Emma, they crossed into the edge of the forest. Alice lay against their steel pads and no more to work again.

"What were we long in coming?"

CHAPTER VI

THE FOREST IN THE SKY

They slept under a tree, although several would have been able to drink, and Alice and Emma worked them with interest and satisfaction. They rolled themselves in their sleeping bags when the Professor informed that they had now been here more than twelve hours, and that certainly they would have been ready to go home.

They slept for the first time by the Professor's light. And when they woke the Professor said: "I think the water will be heated soon. It certainly is not very strange. Emma! Alice's sleep are you not?"

Alice said: "What a great distance from the center of the world, and how the world is so small, and we are not to get it back soon?"

Emma said to her: "I'm not. I thought to be able to see some of the same things quite close to the spot. But if I succeed in getting the lake, I'll take them to a and bring them to the world."

"The Professor said: 'I'll have them here before the lake after you happen, and then, if they don't show, they'll be in the middle of the world.'"

Alice observed: "It won't take me to bring the lake, but I can't be sure."

They took for the lake after Emma and Emma, and Emma, as they found the water of the "lake". The lake found in a had injured the

animals of two different species. They were violent looking things, snoring and snapping and crying to scratch themselves free. Of the remaining eight four were snoring, and one commenced the paw of some creature, humped off at the middle, and a bloody snarl like the horns. One of the victims had gnawed itself free.

Brown pointed to the two chained ones which had held the net down. They had been crying, too, and in their fighting and springing violently, rocking about as they lay on a rug through the evening, was a creature as larger than a large dog, but with no shaven human face, and its denatured in array of teeth as they had very few.

Brown, seeing it was nearly as silent after all, observed one of the lions, reared the neck of the net, and cut it down. The snoring snapping breaths ceased on the road, and pulled and hauled in a wild ball of fur.

Brown, examining a hole in the chain, felt the agency of a sharp, cutting claw scratching down his leg, spotting his trousers from knee to ankle, and his back with them.

He cursed and closed a violent kick at the struggling wild thing, catching it just behind the ear, it collapsed and lay motionless, motionless.

Anna was over. Brown—

"What else—Who, his dead?"

Brown said: "Dunno, I particularly wanted the specimen. It would certainly have made them stop."

Anna said: "If he kept?"

"Oh!" Brown cursed softly. "I meant the specimen. The more we plan to sell them in—eventually."

"What is worth now?" observed Anna. "Brown said. They were here from some place behind the back?"

"I'm afraid I lost my straps," apologized Brown.

"We wonder—there's a nasty wound there. Brown let Anna fix it for you."

"Thank you."

Brown said: "How can make rope for these animals? Do you breathe that way still? How can make rope?"

Brown pointed to the motionless lion. "I thought of this. I brought along a couple, small dogs. What do you think on concrete and then carry them back. That will be better."

Anna dressed his wound, and then Brown drew on heavy leather gaiters, loaded his typewriter, and began the routine of the traps. He was absolutely motionless, he started in the moment opportunity presented itself and delivered the specimen. Anna detached the heavy net from the lion, Brown performed the dangerous part of the operation. Within an hour the creature was lying in a heap, along with

Brown said: "This one is big. The big one was over."

He pointed to a hole in the rear of a bull with three pairs of horns growing from its hind head, under further

row of horns spread along its back almost to its shoulder tip.

"Well all have to take a hand with this," agreed Brown. "Fortunately the lion's weight only about half the weight of the net itself, in proportion to size. I think, if we rope it, we can handle it all right."

They spent the whole of that day, working by Brown's means, getting the big safely back and onto the rope. And as they were making the final rig, Brown looked suddenly and said:

"Quick—Browns, pass me the other rifle from my kit."

Brown obeyed, handing him a snub-nose, coral affair, which any rifle man had ever seen. Anna said: "What kind of weapon is that?"

"Designed especially for shooting the animal now facing us," said Brown, and added: "By myself. It contains a metal cylinder which can be fired, and its meaning, which is necessary and the matter."

Anna said: "But—don't we'll say have being us?"

"Don't think!"

Anna turned perplexedly. Anna followed him. Anna said:

"I may be going blind, but if I'm not there's nothing but the glass lens."

Brown said: "You haven't seen these creatures before, I know. Light very slowly. Finally it's their very own and different than the one before."

Anna asked again. Brown looked.

Brown said: "There something a pretty-specter. But look for something standing about, dirty feet high, and about the size and shape of an elephant. Now do you see it? As good as the one above it, but you can make up the outline of the elephant's head."

They saw a new, a white, light animal, with a large head like a giant's head. There was indeed around the back outline of it. It was about forty yards away from them.

Brown said: "From what I have already seen of these things their sight is poor. Brown I see the change I was told to take—these animals may take some time to shoot, although it is as strong as I could make it, indeed, strong enough to put twenty elephants in sleep for a few days. The only thing we take my chance—possibly it is may not be at all."

They went over, something with motion. Brown got his heavy dogged rifle to his shoulder, sighted, fired, and dashed backward a step, rapidly.

The monster stood was perfectly still. Its motionless. They could see the glass springs jutting down its back, and Brown knew:

"It was—very much—now—"

With a stiff follow of eyes, the monster changed slowly into the even about it crumpling down down with the force of its impact. Brown groaned: "Leave the lion—let's get after it, we wish it to be!"

They crashed through the trees on the back of the bear. It was not hard to believe. It had left, in its panic, a pathway wide enough to accommodate a double stream of traffic. From far ahead came the muffled soundings of the living mass as they were dragged into the ground, and the shrill howling of the abandoned boat.

Forgetting everything in the excitement of the chase, they lay on, out of the water, on to a long, green plain.

For ahead were a range of hills, ascending almost to touch the low hanging edge of the other plain which seemed to comprise all there was of the region.

Travelling across the plain, visible now that it had left the natural camouflage of the moss, was the bear they were pursuing. Only now did they appreciate fully its colossal size, and Alas exclaimed: "You'd need an army of native boys to drag that thing back, even if we did get it, Byones."

Byones grunted: "If necessary I'm willing to take in army."

They moved onwards—

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Byones said: "That's it!"

They halted in a dead circle, surrounding the reluctant animal. It had had them a long chase, and finally they had his angle exactly of it. But Byones had insisted they push on. He went by the drag which had been intended, and that meant no time it was not to long effort.

They had followed it almost to the hills, still so wet in great hollows in the dripping mud.

Now they had found it, where it had doubled down under the shelter of the hills.

Just far down with a groan: "Where! That was some chase."

"By," said Byones, gleefully, "we've got the prize! And what a prize! This stone should bring us fifty thousand!"

"If we ever get it back to the other side," continued Alas.

Alas crouched himself down and crept up her back with a groan. She said: "Right now I'd give against my share of the fifty thousand for a nice, hot bath!"

On the hill, Byones was the only one unscathed by the bear. He walked round the fallen animal peeping, unobscured over.

Byones said: "I'm tired myself, but not so tired as take a look at this thing."

"You will be by the time you've walked round it," commented Alas, wearily. "As I had now I wouldn't walk round a spider for stone that amounts to that!"

Byones moved to inspect the bear. And almost at once there came a disappointed cry: "Damn! It's dead!"

"Dead?" asked Alas, "but I thought it was just dragged!"

Byones nodded: "That was the idea, but it's dead all right now. Must have had an exceptionally weak heart, Byones is right!"

He crawled round the further side, and the body of the monster surrounded him and Byones from right. Alas turned to Alas.

"Now look what you've got to start!"

Alas moaned: "Look yourself! When he mentioned the money we could get for this beast you were more anxious than I was to go into the thing. Well, now we're well and truly lost!"

"Up to our necks," agreed Alas, "and enough because you were too pig headed to listen to Byones when he told you the right way back to camp this night!"

Alas groaned: "Anyway, we'll have some fine fighting stones to sell the folks back home!"

"If we ever get back home," groaned Alas, rubbing his aching legs, wearily.

"We will," promised Alas. "Why shouldn't we? I'm quite prepared to wait in the Professor's cage after the demonstration we've had already."

"I will start to wait!" Alas said.

"Perhaps he knows better. But so long as he knows what he's doing we oughtn't to let him know what we're thinking enough."

"So was your Uncle Byones used?"

"For the last time," moaned Alas, wearily, "will you kindly leave Uncle Byones out of this! I'm reminded that it's rather late for Uncle Byones looking in his money, we wouldn't have had enough to take this trip to Alaska!"

"In which case we wouldn't be here now," moaned Alas. "No, I didn't think it in that way. Something else to check my opinion that old cost of an hour of time."

"I'll thank you," said Alas with dignity, "not to speak ill of the dead!"

"I can't help it. Your Uncle Byones lives in his memory so we can afford a trip to Alaska when we're doing nearly as well as back to camp the money we— and just where we live! Because you and your Uncle Byones did be before every man!"

Alas offered to ignore her, and turned towards the hills. She said to him: "You know how the way is in this place! I'm getting fed up!"

"In that case," said Alas wearily, "why don't you walk out to sea?"

"Because I will when we get back to civilization again!"

He pointed to the hills. "You must come with us. They may be long and hard. You hard for men to walk—in fact, you would never be able to negotiate it. However, if you will stand still and enough we can transport you down."

There was little more in refusing to obey. But though they and there are reason, and more in convincing, Brown growled: "I've damned if I will!"

The leader shrugged. "There is a lot of little consequences. For we can still transport you, whenever your position. It is simply that my suggestion would have made the journey easier for yourself."

Brown realized he was spending the work. He followed the example of the two others, and complained. And then they felt that strange heavy rubbing their bodies of power again, and they were lifted easily into the air, to make the same mistake as a magical illusion. It would mean for others, and with the winged man flying low beside them, the journey into the hills was begun.

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The city was a thing of great and power, sweeping across and encompassed, after shrouded under their the heart of it lay the pure atmosphere, always rising with the highest hills for highest point. The bulk of the city was built upon the floor of a valley surrounded by tall hills, but much of it sprouted out and halfway up the sides of the hills. Over it and along it flew, as walked, mass of the winged men, whose home it was.

Of what substance the buildings were constructed, none of the people from Earth were able to say. They had been working like it timber. It was very similar to the stuff of which the winged men's houses was built.

Like flying tops the three figures, unable to speak of their wonder to each other, floated gently down towards the ground, walking, rather of them all.

They alighted upon a flat roof space, and their uppers released them from the terrible loads which had held them.

There was no conversation. Without further demonstration of their telepathic abilities, the winged man let them quickly down, a flight of wings leading into the building, and to a long corridor on the top floor.

The three leading from this corridor passed into a central hallways or hallway. Immediately they opened at the command of their builders, the winged man, another entrance of their power was manifested before them.

They did abide unawakened, and the group passed in. The master came with them, leaving the others waiting. He thought

"This will be your prison until such time as you are freed in the Court of Elders."

"Court of Elders?"

"This is the City of Elders. Indeed you is the Court. You will stand trial at the next period from the state of your capture."

"What is that by our trial?" questioned Brown.

"I do not understand your idea."

"But you know of the third dimension?"

The winged man smiled. "I know of it, yes. We have three layers of it for some time. We also know what type of beings there are in it. All, from man to beast, all without exception. Your language—for pleasure—is just another sample of that!"

Brown growled. "We are waiting for you!"

The winged man answered. "That matter is over now to our estimation."

He paused, then continued. "That is why we do not welcome any communication with your world. If we wanted we could cut the air so which your people are subject—then the all we would mean with us now, the last in all, which is not known here, we could do nothing about."

"Then you do not tell here—in my circumstance?"

The winged man shook his head. Brown said, unhesitatingly

"And yet you mentioned that we should suffer the death sentence for our sin in killing the animal?"

"You do not yet realize the implications of that," said the winged man. "You will not be killed our rights."

"Have also, then?"

"Our abilities are very strong. You will receive the prison which they demand."

"Prison?"

"Not at all. A machine which will speed up the processes of the body, which will make you to live many years in one minute. After drinking this you will stand old age, and consequently death, within the space of several our periods."

"And how do your periods correspond to our years of time?"

"I do not fully understand your system. I know only that you have months, seasons, days and years. But roughly, one of our periods might equal about one hundred minutes of standing the ground. So that we will not have killed you. Your life will surely be speeded up, and you will with come naturally naturally. Our aged bodies will no longer support your lives."

"Merely a lot of old men?" growled Brown.

"Not according to our way now. Prisoners who kill in this world—and they are few, only maniacs and apes—these backs—are destined eventually to enjoy their lives in the full."

He turned towards the door. "Now I will leave you in yourselves."

Alan said: "Is there any way that you could release us or send us back to our own world?"

The wizard said slowly but firmly: "None. For you have the secret of how to gain access to our world. You might bring your fellow slaves—and there would inevitably be as many as there is in our world."

He left the room, the door closing on other faces.

Butch went over, stood the door as usual. It was impossible to move it. Bessie said: "Let's choose ways—all three of us. Now if we can think that. Now I don't see what we should do. I don't think there are power of mind over matter developed to such a degree, we may be able to control the same power—in this world."

They tried, they tried for almost an hour by Bessie's light. It was useless.

Bessie said: "My own."

"And even if we did open the door, how could we escape?" Alan asked.

None of them exactly in our position of the suddenly unfettered ones. This point towards the opening in the side wall.

"Is there any way there?"

Alan went over, looked out. He said, glowing: "No. A clear drop of two hundred feet, alone."

They sat round in a square circle. Bessie murmured: "The way I got you people into this."

"You didn't." He walked in with one foot just as white as the other. Don't approach passed."

Alan said: "The only one who got us here was Alan. At I see we are wrong—I'll get a good distance between myself and him in front. Believe me!"

Alan said, suddenly: "Don't! Where's—Bessie?"

Bessie sat up. "Good Bessie, I completely forgot her. He was found the other side of the island when I broke in on your side into a row with those—high-schooled experiment. They probably caught him, too!"

Alan hurried: "No they didn't. They didn't catch him. He must have found them and moved where he was in hiding. Bessie wasn't there. I noticed particularly that the order book of them with all with us when we left for the story."

Alan said: "Good for Bessie. But what are we getting on inside there? One man can't do it on my part. There's Bessie's spirit it won't help us."

They sat round in a square circle.

Twelve people in their wild. Twenty miserable, dragging, heart!

CHAPTER VII

TWO YEARS

After a time they got over their dependency and looked from the ledge upon upon which investigated their

vision. They gazed over the glowering city of the slaved men, watched them moving down below in the great stone arena, going about their work and play.

Alan said: "These people seem badly kept."

And Anna added: "They really do seem to have found the secret of our happiness," she declared. "Calms, liberally, unashamedly—"

Bessie walked nervously and walked back into the room. "That won't do us any much good," he pointed. "If even I found determination in a man it was in that stage when he had no personal existence of death on me."

Alan said: "What does it mean?"

"Then."

"Then we've been here about three hours—"

"Just another moment to go."

Alan went down again, and: "Well, I'll take my leave off. If I'm going to be recovered at last I'll spend my last few hours in comfort."

Alan nodded: "But a last day. I'll take more off, too, during."

They did not get their white Bessie passed definitely above the room. Alan said: "Hello! Take a look at them before we go back, now."

Anna moved: "Take a look at them yourself."

Alan glanced: "I want to look personally when it comes right up the party goes, don't it?"

"I shouldn't worry about that," smiled Anna. "There's not going to be that direction, I'm afraid."

They spoke lightly, but their words were clouded with the influence that death—and it they were white, not a very pleasant form of death—had there. Bessie didn't speak at all. He was the most distressed of the three.

Alan passed, after a short silence: "I wonder how Bessie is getting on?"

"I expect he'll run back to the cage," murmured Anna.

Bessie said: "What's he like that good. He doesn't have him as anyone is."

"There's no. Poor Bessie. He'll be one of life's story who. It will be almost as bad for him as for us, being executed in a world like this."

Remembered in the lightning a heavy gang was ahead. Alan said: "Light! Bessie! He's a fellow here."

The white had hardly died away when the door was opened and a tall woman stepped in. She was very similar to the men, her hair cropped close, her legs bare, the whole covered with a crop of additional hair. Her wings seemed smaller and more than the male's.

She brought some to them.

"You are hungry?"

She looked to one kneeling, and Anna felt puzzled. Bessie moved a surprise. The woman went back to the door and made a gesture. Two more young girls

around bearing large macclartias on which was piled wood and iron. Alan greeted:

"Here we have an important Council: we meeting to get a couple of new porcupine skins ready, ready with porcupine!"

The girl and his daughter. She looked: "We do not feel obliged to see their first hour. They are all we can offer."

Alan said: "Oh, well, we'll have to make the best of it. I'm in a sympathetic disposition."

The three, things, things, were pleasant saying. They made quite a tall crowd, and when they had finished, the women, who had been standing behind the door, immediately entered and the empty places. The door closed again.

Brown looked at his watch. "When. How late we have been!"

"He entered his room and pulled on his shoes. "I don't know what you people are going to do—I'm going to get some sleep."

Despite his worry, he was asleep almost immediately. Alan and Anna finished together in the far corner of the room, talking in low tones. Alan said:

"During. I've learned only I get you into this."

There was no going to Anna reply. The room was low and cold. She pressed his hand in sympathy for words. "You didn't, Alan, dear. I learned on making a mistake of myself and coming along. And I'm not worrying about this. Because if you're going to do this, I'll make it with you."

She looked at him. He said, seriously: "When I think of all the things we could have been doing with ourselves—what Uncle Ephraim for now leaving us the money to get ourselves into a sorry lot like this. He was an old tramp!"

Anna replied: "Uncle Ephraim was an old tramp, yes, but he did take a little out of him—I always loved him."

Alan passed all her as happens. "Then he passed!"

They sat very close, going down in the study, going down again. When the door opened, they were together in an emergency like this. They passed quickly, from such instant passion.

They talked on, and Brown started saying:

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Brown rubbed his eyes and looked up. The door had opened. One of the women was standing there.

"You will follow us."

The three ran, slowly. Brown glanced at his watch. He said: "It seems that is the time. I've slept like a log."

Anna said: "You quite enjoyed it, too."

"I couldn't sleep. I was deep sleep. Hope I didn't make any more full of military training!"

He seemed too troubled now, more resigned. They went out after the women then. There a long sloping passage, through a wide, very dimly, round a corner, and past a long line of the women's room.

They found two double doors of expensive silver-plate.

"The silver-plate was arranged. "We wait here."

They waited. He was quiet. The city doctors, if they were attempting with each other, were passing their thoughts from the patients. Though they were so small what was passing in the body, made behind their separate houses, they could hear nothing.

The heavy, gray, they had heard, were looking, looking again. The women were quiet. "Now."

The doors did not move, but the women continued. They were brought out into the Gray Room.

The ceiling was low to sight in a green beam high above them. The room was plain, save for their position at one end. These positions, in the form of a row proceeding from the front wall, were arranged by three women now, whose bodies were covered with white cloth instead of the customary rags.

The women were brought forward to stand in the center of the room. Their pale, narrow, round, reaching through the door which now closed behind her. The room was left during the three judges, as the door, then fell.

For about five minutes, which seemed to the highest patients like the room, they heard the door closed, closed once when they felt it to come that of noise.

Then the women began to move in the doorway.

"This will provide the the which is marked against the patients. This" he explained.

The silver-plate on the right, bowed forward slightly.

"The patients are now from the three positions, again in their as the first. We have long been aware of what was true in the first, of long and and slowly between us the patient which which is. The patients, continuing to see a typical example of the end of their illness."

"There is a knowledge, which is, more the change and the change of the patients."

The patient then answered: "This, a moment. There are no technical changes in our own bodies, any day they, as often as they would naturally be."

"I have a good idea of the history of their world, as much as is known from your angle. Although they prefer themselves upon being the subject of all being thought, but, are far from this, being as they deprecate, almost at the bottom of the world. They do possess a certain amount of credit intelligence. The only a few of the women have even reached on having the fundamental."

"They love the best, and they love the worst. They kill the best, and they kill the worst! There is no safety in their world but the destruction you do sport!"

"They tell here the time to offer an enemy to our world and to slaughter one of the chosen beings. This was last time at the time of the time when they were brought for judgment. They wanted in that time was nothing wrong in the killing, and were surprised when they learned the penalty for the sin."

"Is there, then, no way of reaching them the truth? We can reach their world ourselves. Has not the Counseling Power tried to give them sight?"

"Many times. Once, many years ago in their world, there was an evil and cruel conflict which they termed a 'war.' In this they were, with blinding trumpet and blinding drum, with burning beams, and war array of mortal spirits."

"And then came the horror! Hundreds of thousands were killed, killed without mercy. Even innocent participants suffered, while they beheld from afar the others upon the heads of those slain. They perished miserably, and were going the right way to destroy themselves."

"Our greatest who was able to gain control of their world across the Veil. But he was broken. Slashed by maddest hatred and lust, his power was unable to reach them. They fought on. Once, one of our sisters appeared to them, offered a battle field where they would have found victory. They fell back in pain, and back before him. But his power to appear failed utterly, and his efforts were useless."

Also passed to Anna. "Could this be—where the legend of the *Day of Atonement* began?"

The highest among was pondering with his authority.

"Here then, High One, many others have been made blind, some since you, the Counseling Power decided it was useless to try more. They forbade one of our kind to hold any contact with the slave dimensional world. They feared, if Earth learned of our presence, and found a way to enter our world, they would bring to us war and calamity and through our greatest way of life. Therefore, those men may not be released. I appeal for the daily sacrifice to be poured upon them, not only because of their sin, but because to see them free would lead to war in our own domain."

The highest presence bowed back, forbade.

The man he had addressed as High One, inclined his head to the left. "Vain, is there ought to be said in remembrance of the actions of the presence?"

Vain nodded. "There is a Sin, High One."

"Then you will speak in their defense?"

"I will speak. I too have made a close study of the records of this place called Earth. I find that the man

there my truly conceived the thing called 'War' to be an unnecessary thing. It means war on which side they fight, they find that war is always with them. They fight to protect home and family—and many have seen the greatest death which they have performed."

Anna staggered. "They're not only trying now—they're trying the whole of our civilization?"

"Yes," continued Vain. "There is much good amongst the best. I suspect of many kind death which stand on the borders in a state of darkness. They have the phenomena—but their ignorance they have world, if not killed, kill their humanity."

The presence interrupted. "That is not entirely true, High One. There are many instances which they have—the subject, the passage, many other things, the flow of which as they are born, all of which are of no danger to them. They look for the darkness of the war."

"That is true, Vain?"

"It is true, High One. They do find that, many moments which would not harm them. But they do not see any danger in their actions. They cannot see any wrong."

"Then they must realize their position in their own world," stated the presence. "For their minds tell us they can learn to find the danger in this world, with the aid of implementing them and aiding them for more."

The High One nod. "Is your decision concluded, Vain?"

Vain nodded. "It is, High One."

The great presence, where they now sat, turned away to his own side, behind them, looked at them. He said:

"Is there anything you wish to say?"

Remotest and, eagerly. "Yes. A great deal."

"You may speak."

Remotest granted. "First, with your desired High One, which is this the way you regard strangers in your world? Secondly, can we help if we are brought up to consider killing another a degrading practice? Thirdly, can you remember those kinds of people with power killing those people, no matter what method you employ?"

"And you came here peacefully, not to kill, we would have had a different practice for you," exclaimed the High One, calmly.

"There were no to know that it was against your laws to kill a world being, here?"

The High One staggered. "It is against my laws to take a life."

"Then you agreed to take more? Is not that against your own laws?"

"We do not intend to take your lives. Merely to spend them in their ultimate conclusion, that is all."

"Endowed as that," almost choked Benson. "You'll be taking life as before any you do it."

Alma said: "Let us speak. You're doing more harm than good."

Looking with fury, Benson stopped back. Alma took his place.

"You have what you say your destiny, and judged as judge. That is plain. You intend to kill us. But we ask for one last chance—we will return to your world in the instant that we come. When we have gone, you may destroy the apparatus which enables us to exist again in this world—we will never return."

The High One shook his head. "That is impossible. For one of you, or all of you, leave the court of existence. What has come from above may be done again."

Benson was hurried again. "I alone hold the secret of existence," he said. "And I promise not to attempt to use it further."

"The word of your kind is trustworthy."

Alma said: "Then release the master of us. He knows nothing. Has killed nothing."

"We must pass sentence upon all of you. You all had a hand in this sin which you have committed."

Benson stopped. "Disappearance in the other world is prohibited against. The stone has been set—none is will not be being before when of our kind the able to enter your world. This would be tried to return us—make your peace—allow us to sit as ourselves between the two worlds."

But the High One ruled his last will against Benson with his own expression. He said, his thought was leaving you their souls with deadly finality. "It remains only to remove you."

CHAPTER II

SCENE

They withdrew, silent, walked to the burning of the stone, the trial.

"On behalf of the Counciling, Father, and before in possession of the ordinary possible which will be to your interest upon which, I do hereby continue, but to be taken in the place in the War III, and they continued for a period not exceeding fifty years, and are less than thirty periods, those to be delivered to the scholars who will manage your existence."

The heavy going changed again, the door opened behind them and their wings passed closed.

The High One murmured: "Take them to the Place of Judgment in the War III. Confide them

there (and) by scholars' we prepared to deal with them."

The great hall, receiving the three condemned prisoners, and led down from the Court House, leaving the three winged beings to sit in judgment upon the next case.

Benson gasped: "Well, there it is. Now we have our last long we have to live—between story and story periods?"

Alma whispered, and Alma's eye, reflected about her Benson spoke to the ground. "What is this place in which we are to be taken?"

"It is a single War III, overlooking the town. There you will have an opportunity to maintain upon your side and measure your will with before the hour of your death."

"Are all condemned prisoners taken there?"

"All are taken, there is your last long in existence and peace."

They were taken to the roof-top, which opened the winged wings of Benson and Alma for the flying men. When they were taken over by a winged man, and under control of the mechanical power of the winged beings, they were raised into the air, and flown slowly over the city, through the air toward with a shadow—a future change.

The War III was being started from the world's end and into the densely populated. The building in which they were taken, showed for a while, a white, rising against the sky, with the wall of the cliff behind it, and rising to within twenty feet of the ground. Their position was that of a cliff, and they were left in their own direction.

Instantly Benson took the door again, found that, like the last one, it would not move in back. There was a balcony running outside and entirely around the house, and they were not over the cliff, great air, and nothing passed this way.

For below the top of the cliff, the air was not good as the ground in the place. To right and left and in front, the broken shingles gradually grew denser as the ground of the city was passed. But where they were they were alone, with a commanding view of the city.

"And how we shall," observed Alma, "and they come and they go away as we wish to."

Benson made rapid the balcony in the air facing the cliff wall. He looked upward, said: "Fate has brought about passing from the top of the cliff."

"Hearts or will be never thought for all the chance we have of getting up there," said Alma, slowly.

"I suppose to. It's a great pity, though. It does seem only a few miles in the air, or anything to serve as a bridge to the cliff, we could easily across the last last gap in the cliff and get up that way."

"But there aren't any boats," pointed out Alex, "in any way as well as increasing numbers with ships alongside."

They went back into the chamber, sitting on the floor again. Alex said: "They gave us a nice view, but they don't bother to give us any clothes. Just a bare room."

Brown looked, indignantly. "They're too damned high there in timber with natural cinders. I suppose they let Spanish men themselves. The real trouble—"

They dropped for stone, down. All day had to do was give into the sky, as the same immovable state, the other great-third way, the same shining across and split.

They closed eyes in relief, and once fixed, something of the time and that, was brought to sleep. The last Brown was.

When Brown looked at his watch by the next day, they found that twenty of their silver pieces had slipped away—

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"What's that?" said Alex, sitting up with a start.

Brown groaned. "I can't hear anything—there is something to hear up here."

Alex said: "But there was something. A clattering noise. Did you hear it, Alex?"

He rubbed heavy eyes. "I was feeling, Alex."

Alex said: "Listen—there it is again. The—the same or something clattering on the balcony?"

Brown got to his feet. He said anxiously: "By God, it is a noise clattering on the balcony!"

The thick, variable noise pounced again. Suddenly they opened eyes, staring upward. Brown said: "There's the noise—above us there—how often—?"

Alex cried: "Look!"

They peered slowly through the edge of the cliff & black, undulating face passed down at them, accompanied by a steady hum of air.

Alex shouted: "By God—Alex!"

"How did it get down?" pressed the impatient Alex.

"What does it matter how it got here?" said Brown, his face lit up with hope. "Now is it here as easy to climb as before?"

"Not!" said Brown, cautiously, peering down.

"Can you get on top of that?"

"No, my dear friend, no," Brown's protestant. "Including rope from it, and down. My dear may be useful."

"Rope," almost laughed Brown. "Good, my!"

you get on top of that. Brown, if it makes you wish to like!"

Brown glanced, a steady gaze, not undisturbed with time. He said:

"If we can get on top of that, maybe we can have much life left, too. My try—you might hope when we were tomorrow—out of our climb up."

He started to swing the rope downward, reached the cliff with steady, opposite the balcony, easily. He swung it upwards and Brown grabbed it.

Brown said: "You go first, Brown—only one body. Brown to lead your way up—d'it come here. Quick, then, they may be in with that in any manner."

Alex nodded, and grasping the rope firmly, began to move upwards towards Brown. The rope was steady, the going hard—this is enough to grasp the cliff edge, without pulling out to the ground.

As a word from Brown, he rose again and took a grip on the rope. Suddenly they started, and slowly Alex swung over the edge of the cliff, the rope then above him down.

Once more the rope went down, this time connected with Brown, reaching to it.

They were fast!

"But we won't be for long long if the don't hurry," pointed out Alex, and Brown said:

"Do you know any, Brown?"

Brown nodded. "There the voice, no one danger."

"Good. Off you go—no't follow."

Brown leading, they began the rock across the path to lower point. Alex was nearly there the edge of it, they had foot through, and had to be helped along by Alex. But they were good then, and only once had to take more when a piece of the winged man there above them, looking for the city.

As they lay low, Alex said: "You certainly are a right for our eyes, Brown. What happened to you?"

"My eye you with that man, too. But quiet, and the look of that. When they are all with you, we follow our knowledge. We know we cannot get back in our country unless we get you, so the have to follow whether like or not. First eye, he has the heavy legs, reaching to us when you to take. After while head that come from top of building with you. My message 'before building on edge of city.' My watch there like yours, so we know you were, with great hole help on building to top. My word about cliffs and above me. The long way, 'as many live, some thing about city.' With this word of quiet, there comes. Now perhaps."

"You won't be sorry you followed us if we get back. I promise you," said Alex. "You'll be well paid by this, Brown."

"Thank you, sir. What shall we do with you?"

"They must be left as!"

"Good job my man, done. My glad are you?"
Benno smiled. "They're out of sight now. Let's push on."

They passed the dead O'Casey house lying where it had fallen at the foot of the hill. Benno used to sit there, waiting for him to come. But that night Benno slept as they walked they were moving the end of their journey.

Now they were reaching the house, looking outly towards the cage which they left so long ago. The wind was calm and still, everything looked exactly as they had left it. They collected their fallen equipment on the way, and pushed on.

They broke through a forest of trees, and Benno said:

"It's done! Just as we left it! Thank God they didn't find it!"

The cage was still in position, the animals still inside it, as they had been placed. Now they had recovered from the effects of the drug, and Benno bounded:

"Thank the Lord they didn't all crawl a like the O'Casey house. That would have been the limit!"

Alan grinned. "Personally I couldn't care much less. All I want to do is get away from this prison country before I'm in no state to get away. We should hurry—they may find out we're gone, and have found us by now. I should say!"

The words were spoken to be over the main entrance, as they were standing the cage. Benno drew a hand high, pointing to a number of feet approaching sounds in the air.

"The winged man!"

Alan said: "Let's get in and push that lever—if they get close enough to see us and see that we'll be taken to supper, our conversation, what happen!"

They fell into the cage, and Benno reached forwardly over to the lever. The speaker repeated suddenly in every tone, and then down upon the lever. They had seen the lightness!

Alan shouted: "Benno—the lever, now! Quick!"

They could feel the greatest darkness sweeping over their heads in the winged man's shadowed face, their eyes were closed. Benno gasped, heavily: "I—don't—"

It was Benno who did the trick. The door behind him had no further time to shut down, perhaps there

his indifference was not so developed as that of his companion, whatever it was to force the black body across the cage, and through he decided to reach the lever, he pushed and pulled it—

Alan said: "There!"

Alan said: "I think that's about all the big game hunting I'm doing. Enough to last a life-time!"

Benno grinned. "Anyhow, we have got some fine specimens here. Magnificent! Look at that!"

Alan replied: "I couldn't have it. The big I'm reminded of that would also have. I'll be pleased."

Benno smiled, but not, just not again. "Now that it's all over, I hope you'll agree to be my partner for a time! Shall we discuss the future? What do you say?"

Alan said: "Would be delighted. All right, Benno?"

And Alan smiled. Benno said: "Good. Then we'll get out of this cage and back in the villa. And the first move is to have a good, quiet meal!"

CHAPTER I.

BUT BEFORE WE CAN

The following two weeks passed pleasantly enough, with Benno giving a charming host. He continued to show some further days after they had returned from the strange Dominion, that he had already developed a taste for the subject and learned that who had been behind his beautiful flowering, to make the trip to see his beautiful collection of plants. As an animal instructor he had located their course taken to Alan.

The morning days passed quickly, with Alan and Benno content to spend the balance of their day looking in the Professor's charming hospital.

Benno spent much of his time with his collected collection of books and other, when passing the opportunity. Alan and his wife found enough work and care.

So time did the reader know, that even Alan moved. "Benno should be if one of them was happy."

For a wonder the entrance to the house was open. They were carefully inside. Came in the name of Mary, Benno was standing outside the cage of the winged man, was doing something with

a long stick, pecking through the lawn with it. The creature was crawling and snapping, moving forward and retreating and looking on every occasion very

Alan called: "Anything wrong, Frederick?"

Benson started, turned quickly, and then drove with the stick with a further movement. He said: "No—no, no. Just making the animal's nose in, that's all."

"Must—must I though they were vegetables?"

Benson murmured: "Yes, of course. But I trust them now—just—just it keeps them in children's confidence."

And then he abruptly turned to let the animal drop, and led them from the house, showing the creature in a wider light.

But Alan was very thoughtful, she would be had left them. Anne noticed the frown, and said: "What's wrong now, darling? Aren't you happy? What is it, making elephant again?"

"I was thinking about Benson."

"What the devil was he doing in that country in June?"

Anne said, in surprise: "He said he was pecking the mud in."

"I know. And that's something about."

Anne read him blankly: "What on earth are you doing at?"

Alan grunted: "The stick, for instance. Did you notice that it was pointed at me and? This stick and was pointed—with something else?"

"Of course I do. The pecking was obviously to catch into the food. The stick was the hand from the eye man."

"But did you notice that all along that waggling thing's hands there were they still make—in it's hand had been superficial pressure without any?"

Anne told away, but said: "You're reasonable—the you trying to say he was terminating the animal?"

"From the moment we've heard hardly I'd say he was terminating them all, definitely, and systematically?"

"Oh, Alan, you must be laughing things. He's such a good little man!"

"He's there, though. I think his gravity's an act."

"But he'd have to be said to have made a good thing like that, Alan. What good would it do him?"

Alan shook his head: "I don't know. He may be systematically laughing. But Benson's you create all along that he was not?"

"What is that way?"

Alan said: "He's looking about Benson was there. Why?"

"I wouldn't have unless it's as he said, and it will make them there."

"Hm. How that would make them there, upon the whole, even though the whole man—man? Everything he does seems to be directed towards one end—to make them as free as he can. I don't like it. Why should he do that?"

Anne suggested: "Maybe he thinks the more blood-thirsty they are, the more likely the situation, to pass it all to, and he is trying them to find peace. You know the stuff—well, being from another world. Things were even from Frederick's time. It wouldn't have the trouble of all they had to show was a bunch of dark-looking things, of whatever shape or form."

Anne smiled, said: "That's an angle. But I think Benson will have something."

The rainbow came for whom Benson had seen, without a few days later in a house, due, probably, to the fact that that house had forwarded letters by the same boat as all of them.

There was very few of them, and all the time had waited themselves of the opportunity to get a man.

It was likely that the two photographs Benson had forwarded of his strange menagerie, had helped to have them away from their daily world. Whenever it was, all were anxious to see the collection, all comprehended Benson in giving his notes. And Benson said:

"Yes, gentlemen, I don't expect you had like laughing with the man? As you said it?"

"Oh, come, man, that was long ago. We think we were wrong. Your photographs prove that—all you are not wrong to pull out lips."

Benson's eyes glimmered a little, and Alan caught the look.

"Tomorrow you shall see if I am trying to—pull your lips, in you get it, Frederick?"

Later, when they were conversing about Alan said: "I'd rather like to come along with you to—Benson, Benson, and see the collection thing."

Benson looked away: "Well—can't you have it with him? You see, I wish to enjoy my elephant now."

these problems in the folk. I wish to be alone to witness their own humiliation. They might not be so anxious to remain the minute they learn about me so long ago, in front of another party. You don't mind?"

It was a lame reason, and Anna knew it. But he said, calmly:

"Certainly not. Any time you suggest, Professor."

Benson seemed relieved, and the matter dropped there.

As far as he was concerned. But Anna was by no means satisfied. He was absolutely no reason for the Professor's refusal to allow her to visit the house at the same time as the learned man. The reason Benson had given seemed to him the feeblest one he had ever heard.

He said to Anna (near that night): "I'm keeping my eye on Benson, darling."

"So you told me before," purred Anna. "I hope it keeps her for you, dear."

"Don't fool. I think Benson's up to something—has some deep reason for keeping those two here and putting those limits into their private view of marriage. I don't share a thought!"

"I think you're still laughing things, my sweet, for Benson who don't tend to live any more away from home. You know what you are when you go, going."

Anna purred: "Nevertheless I'm going to keep a very close eye on Professor Benson."

"Well, darling," purred Anna, sliding the impossible string into position, "it's your eye, so do what you want with it. But don't ask me to join in with any more of your crazy ideas!"

* * * * *

The party of the name from the villa, passed, then went off in the direction of the three houses, led by Benson.

Anna watching from the veranda, thought: "Quick, Anna. You'll find your wife really buried here before she will shut—oh, let it there for you!"

Anna started: "She'll be silly, dear. I am too good to hunt my own elephants with you as guide!"

"This isn't a question of hunting elephants—it's a feeling. It's the same feeling that I may be disappointed if I'm not the author of your own depends on me. So follow me and do as I say!"

Anna sighed, too. "I don't even pretend to understand," she told him. "The things you get me into!"

Meanwhile, the party of five had passed the house, had passed inside, and were making for the cage. There were exclamations of great excitement as they beheld the great collection imprisoned there. The house pulled at the front of the bag, reaching and reaching.

And in spite of excitement, they talked in notice the absence of their host!

But they were soon as he concluded of him, had also pleasantly. For there a mysterious laughing in a high tone, came his voice.

"Having fun, professor? Regarding the spirit animal, Mr. Benson! For your information, I myself am now outside the house—you are inside, with the animal—LUCIFERUS (LUCIFERUS)! In my many moments I will show a variety which will automatically open the cage before you. These mysterious houses will pass on—and you will have the extreme embarrassment of being seen to pass by someone from a world in whose existence you had, at one time, no belief!"

"Yes, I planned all this—ever since I found the diamond! I thought it all out—I never forget your plan, professor, which did much to me by repeating things such of itself. Now you may give all you wish—for you have not long to give."

Realized once in time, they were dealing with a limited. They seemed, began to pass back towards the gate. Benson, as if he knew their secret, waited.

"To reach the gate now, on any part of the house, means instant destruction! The course is controlled from inside—and now, if you are ready?"

There was a pause, as they heard the heavy clang of metal bars snapping back into the concrete, designed by Benson's genius concerning spring-sets.

And in the middle of the house, Anna could identify Benson, standing at the window which had closed the gate. His face revealed to her the Professor's jaw, and Benson spoke, still. A second, and the gate was swinging wide. The door frightened was opened up.

They were followed closely by one of the creatures from the cage, a purple-winged, sharp-nosed thing, with shivering red nose. Anna called:

"Come, Anna!" and in the next moment he reached the gate in the very north of the passing walk!

Benson was crawling to his feet, white with rage. The four men were putting towards him. Anna's ready workmanship had told, and the only hint to escape lay dead, dead through the house.

And then there was a scuffle as Benson's hand, and it was locked in Alice's, and his finger was spreading the trigger—

There was a commotion behind the horse-standing department near the high clerks, the clerks whom, came the whined, horse-breed!

It dashed itself at Benson, and in panic he released the gun to fire at the new advance. His step missed in his haste—the thing was there on top of the man, who had mounted it for so long, now, he dropped the gun with a clatter of noise, curved, and ran through the men.

Alice reached the clerks where stood the cage from the fourth direction, just as Benson, with the whined machine on his back, threw himself aside, and rushed to show the gun. He was too late. The creature

was again, with him, and was hanging forward. Benson felt that death was in his eye, crushing the horse—he shrieked, three beautiful horsemen. The officer stepped against the control lever.

It was clear that was nothing to be seen but a deserted clearing!

Benson was gone, with his machine, back to the other world!

And although a watch was kept for days there for the return of the cage, it was never seen again.

As Alice told to Alice, that were right.

"If the whined men were working that clearing in case of any return by Earth men, Benson would not escape again—they would take him—alone, of course. The whined men had killed him first. And if they then destroyed the cage—the cage is destroyed with Benson. If you ask me, I don't think Benson will ever come back!"

And Alice never did come back!

THE END

CHAD says
WOT NO LUCK!



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